

# THE REMEMBRANCE A Poem,

DESCRIPTIVE OF THE EVENTFUL SCENES

Tuesday the 8th of August

*A Day never to be forgotten by the Inhabitants of the C*

By GEORGE BOND

But the day of the Lord will come, as a thief in the night; in the which the heavens shall melt with fervent heat; the earth also and the works that are therein shall be dissolved, what manner of persons ought ye to be in all holy conversation and godliness

Behold I come as a thief. Blessed is he that watcheth. Rev. xvii. 15.

WHAT solemn scenes attract our wond'ring eyes!  
What melancholy news salute our ears!  
The lofty fabric, tow'ring to the skies,  
Rear'd for the use of man in future years,

Fell in a moment in the wat'ry deep.  
The sound thereof spread terror all around,—  
In wild confusion some were seen to weep,  
And crowds of mourners in the streets were found.

Soon, soon, alas! the Widows' cries were heard,  
While weeping Mothers joined in their train.  
The tender Father and the Son are dead,  
Forever gone, ne'er to return again.

Quick as the shock, the fair intended bride,  
Whose troubled bosom heav'd the mournful sigh,  
Was seen to cast a look on yonder tide,  
But all in vain,—her lover was not nigh.

Amidst the gen'ral wreck appear'd the dead,—  
Some maim'd and dying, too, were brought on shore,  
And some lay silent in a wat'ry bed,  
While friends and kindred their sad loss deplore.

Lo! in the mourning multitude appear'd  
The poor, forlorn, afflicted orphan race;  
Their piercing lamentations loud were heard;  
No more they'll feel their fathers' fond embrace.

Mysterious Providence! who can explain  
The myst'ries that, unfathom'd, in thee lie,  
Too deep for human wisdom to attain?  
To solve the doubts proud man in vain may try.

Here, pause, my soul! my roving thoughts, be still,  
Nor dare with curiosity to pry  
Into the secrets of His sov'reign will,  
Who governs all beneath the vaulted sky:

Who in th' immensity of boundless space,  
Hath fix'd in order all the orbs that be;  
Who with one glance beholds creation's face,  
And rules entire the wide expansive sea;

Who out of nothing made this rolling world,  
With all the varied scenery of clime;  
In all His works what myst'ries lie untold,  
That ne'er can be explor'd by man in time.

In Him the widow and the fatherless

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# THE LIBRANCER: A Poem,

OF THE MOST INTERESTING AND  
EVENTFUL SCENES WHICH OCCURRED ON

the 8th of August, 1837,

by the Inhabitants of the City and County of Saint John.

By GEORGE BOND.

the night; in the which the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements  
works that are therein shall be burned up. Seeing then that all these things shall be  
holy conversation and godliness. 2 Peter iii. 10, 11.

meth. Rev. xvii. 15.

And then proclaim'd VICTORIA Queen of all  
Old England's vast dominions; by whose sons  
The orb of day around this floating ball  
Is always seen, in his perpetual rounds.

Hail I happy QUEEN of that illustr'ous race,  
Who on the happy times they liv'd, have shed  
A lustre bright, that none could e'er efface,  
Whose fame unsullied through the world has spread.

Undaunted, faithful, generous, and wise,  
For England's rights they stood from age to age;  
Not all the tyrant tribes beneath the skies,  
Could e'er their thirst for liberty assuage.

In this precarious state, where Monarchs lay  
Their sceptres down, and empires rise and fall,  
Both rich and poor have but a space to stay,  
Then sink into the grave, the lot of all.

To-day, the ship, blown by a prosp'rous gale,  
Glides o'er the tossing trackless wat'ry main;  
To-morrow, sinks in ocean's gloomy vale,  
And all is lost, never to rise again.

To-day, all nature smiles, the genial Sun  
And cooling breeze give charms to all around;  
To-morrow, earthquakes, storm, and hurricane  
Shake all above and the more solid ground.

To-day, the world with prospects bright and fair,  
Sit in the lap of ease, nor ever dream  
That adverse scenes or even death is near,  
Till the dread messenger by them is seen.

To-day, the heav'n-born pilgrim weeps and sighs,  
Whose harp is on the drooping willow hung;  
To-morrow, wings his way above the skies,  
Where grief no more shall interrupt his song.

O happy souls, who walk the narrow path,  
And climb the ladder good old Jacob saw,  
Redeem'd by Jesus' blood from sin and wrath,  
And from the curses of the fiery law.

The bridge o'er which they cross shall ne'er give way,  
The ransom'd throng shall all in safety pass,  
Till all arrive in bless'd eternity,  
To share the joy of that bright world at last.

Jehovah's cov'nant love will ne'er abate;

Redeem'd by Jesus' blood from sin and wrath.

Who with one glance beholds creation's face,  
And rules entire the wide expansive sea ;

Who out of nothing made this rolling world,  
With all the varied scenery of clime ;  
In all His works what myst'ries lie untold,  
That ne'er can be explor'd by man in time.

In Him the widow and the fatherless  
Shall find a constant friend in time of need,  
Who will afford His aid in their distress,  
And will supply them with their daily bread.

Two fleeting hours had scarce elaps'd, when, lo !  
The death-like minute gun and tolling bell  
Were heard, while many a colour waved low ;  
It was our late KING WILLIAM's fun'ral knell.

The noble-minded Judge adjourn'd the Court ;  
The Civic pow'rs in reg'lar order mov'd  
From street to street, with Milit'ry escort,  
Where the mute throng appear'd in pensive mood.

With them into our Squares an Herald came  
In haste, and did the doleful tidings sound  
To list'ning multitudes of ev'ry name,  
That WILLIAM sleeps with those beneath the ground :

Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty ; just and true are thy  
inhabitants of the earth are reputed as nothing ; and he doeth according to his will in  
earth ; and none can stay his hand or say unto him what doest thou. Daniel iv. 35.  
fatherless and widow. Psalm cxlvi. 9.

On Tuesday morning, the 8th instant, about nine o'clock, the Scaffolding erected  
land to Carleton, together with the Iron Chains on which the same rested, and a gr  
into the River. About thirty of the workmen were on various parts of it at the tim  
Superintendents, were fortunate enough to be either on the part of the work which  
The remaining number were precipitated with the mass of timber, chains, and mat  
drowned, and the remainder more or less seriously injured.—The following is a list o

#### DEAD.

Michael Watts, of Portland, who has left a wife and three children.  
George Buckley, a widower, who has left three children.  
Daniel Leahy, single man, a native of Ireland.  
David Mailman, of Carleton, a young man, who was on the eve  
of marriage with a young woman of excellent qualities.  
Henry Lord, of Carleton, who has left a wife and four children.  
John Farris, a native of England, who has left a family.  
John Maberry.  
[The bodies of the four last have not been found.]

William  
seri  
Dennis  
James  
br  
John  
Robert  
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While such universal sympathy is so justly excited for the widows, children and r  
friends by this melancholy catastrophe, no enlightened and feeling mind can avoid  
taking, and at the same time lamenting the heavy loss to which the public spirited s

About the same hour at which the above accident occurred, the Common Council  
Her Most Gracious Majesty, QUEEN VICTORIA, that day having been officially app  
seats, they were informed of the occurrence, and requested that some place might be  
wounded. This was promptly attended to,—and while the unfortunate sufferers we  
Medical gentlemen, Minute Guns commenced firing, commemorative of the death o  
on the telegraph stations and the different vessels in port were waving hult mast hi  
City has ever witnessed. The Supreme Court was sitting at the time, and His Honor

At two o'clock, agreeably to the arrangements made by the Common Council, th  
of Council and Assembly, Magistrates, Sheriff and Coroner, Members of the Bar, M  
bled at the Court House and its vicinity, where the Proclamation of Her Majesty's  
pose. It was again read in King's, Queen's, and the Market Squares on both sides  
Majesty's Reign over the vast dominions of the British Empire, be as beneficial to t

PRICE 4d.—The profits arising from the sale of the Poem shall be faithfully distr  
phans by the awful catastrophe which it commemorates.

*Saint John, New-Brunswick, 17th August, 1837.*

Jehovah's cov'nant love will ne'er abate;  
Redeem'd by Jesus' blood from sin and wrath,  
And from the curses of the fiery law.

The bridge o'er which they cross shall ne'er give way,  
The ransom'd throng shall all in safety pass,  
Till all arrive in bless'd eternity,  
To share the joy of that bright world at last.

Jehovah's cov'nant love will ne'er abate;  
Eternal life He gives to all His sheep;  
Upon His throne He sits in Royal state;  
His saints He doth amidst all dangers keep.

No night, nor cloud, to veil the blissful sun  
That shines in his meridian glory, there,  
Cheering his bride, while age on age rolls on,  
Who crown'd before him stands, all white and fair.

The dazzling glories of this world will fade,  
Sceptres and crowns and thrones must sink to dust;  
Let saints who now through tribulation wade,  
Hail that bright day that will exalt the Just.

Oh may we stand among them there at last,  
When sun and moon and stars shall pass away,  
And hear with joy the final sentence pass'd;  
Then dwell forever in the realms of day.

Almighty; just and true are thy ways, thou King of Saints. Rev. xv. 3.—And all the  
he doeth according to his will in the army of heaven, and among the inhabitants of the  
what doest thou. Daniel iv. 35.—The Lord preserveth the strangers; he relieveth the

o'clock, the Scaffolding erected for the purpose of carrying over the BRIDGE from Port-  
which the same rested, and a great body of materials, fell with a most tremendous crash  
on various parts of it at the time, sixteen of whom, including the Engineer and the three  
on the part of the work which stood, or retreated thereto on the first alarm of danger.  
mass of timber, chains, and materials, into the water below; seven were either killed or  
jured.—The following is a list of sufferers:

#### WOUNDED.

William M'Intyre, dangerously, both legs broken, and otherwise  
seriously injured.  
Dennis Morrison, several ribs broken.  
James Buckley, (son of the deceased George Buckley,) shoulder  
broken, and otherwise injured.  
John Parks, seriously hurt.  
Robert M'Intyre, William Cummins, and Robert M'Farlane,  
slightly hurt.

d for the widows, children and relatives who have been deprived of their supporters and  
ned and feeling mind can avoid deeply regretting the failure of this magnificent under-  
ss to which the public spirited stockholders have become subjected.

occurred, the Common Council had assembled to make arrangements for Proclaiming  
t day having been officially appointed for the purpose. Before they arose from their  
uested that some place might be immediately appointed for the reception of the dead and  
ile the unfortunate sufferers were being conveyed to the places pointed out, attended by  
commemorative of the death of His late Majesty WILLIAM the Fourth, and the colours  
port were waving half mast high,—altogether one of the most heart-rending scenes the  
ting at the time, and His Honor Judge PARKER, who presided, very properly adjourned it.  
ade by the Common Council, that Body, together with the Chief Justice and Members  
Coroner, Members of the Bar, Military, and a large concourse of the Inhabitants, assem-  
Proclamation of Her Majesty's accession was read by the Herald appointed for the pur-  
Market Squares on both sides of the harbour, and in the Parish of Portland.—May Her  
ish Empire, be as beneficial to the nation as that of her ancestors.

ne Poem shall be faithfully distributed among those who were rendered widows and or-  
ates.

D. A. CAMERON, PRINTER.

Tray 30  
Broad-sides  
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